· C E A S E · F I R I N G

· FIFTY · POEMS · OF · THE · NEW · PEACE ·

JAN 26 19

" La Cité de Carcassonne. S.A. Roussel 1936.
Plus beau qu'une belle chose est la ruine d'une belle chose "
aude Spitler

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MAUDE SPITLER

To my friend, Maude Spitler,
who is, with me, a lover of
Peace and Good Will.

Anna Whittaker Roussel,

December, 1930

CEASE FIRING

FIFTY POEMS *of the* NEW PEACE

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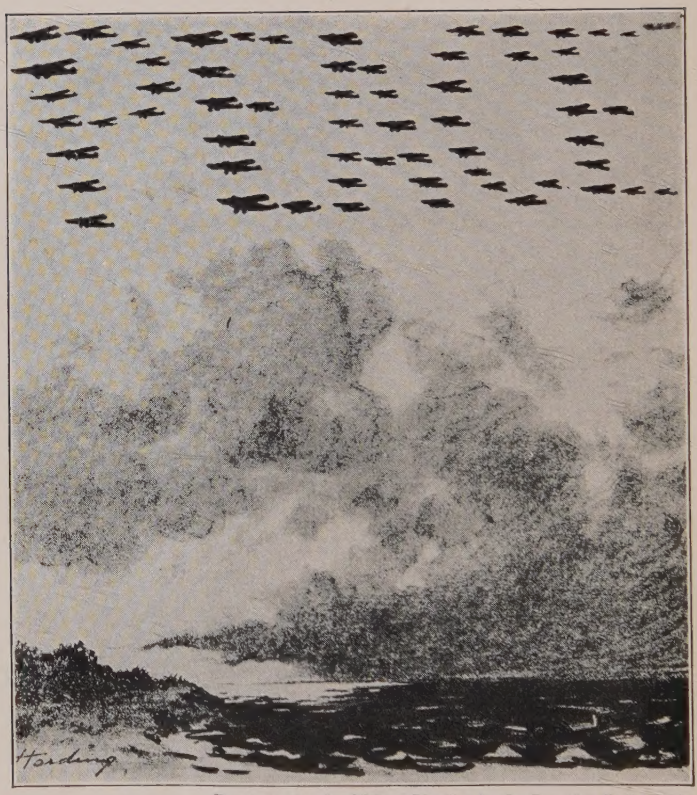


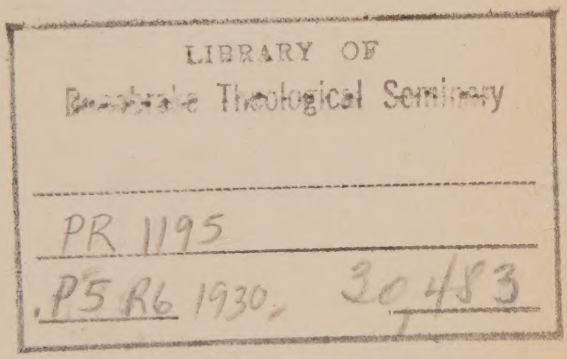
From cartoon by Nelson Harding in the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle*
"THE NEW FORMATION"

CEASE FIRING

FIFTY POEMS *of the* NEW PEACE

For READING *and* RECITATION

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED BY
ANNA WHITTAKER ROUSSEL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TO THOSE, whoever and wherever they may be, who are willing "to do all which may achieve and cherish a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations," this book is dedicated.

LAW 26 1954

A FOREWORD

LET no one ever from henceforth say a word in any way countenancing war. It is dangerous even to speak of how, here and there, the individual may gain some hardship of soul by it. For war is hell and those who institute it are criminals. Were there anything to be said for it, it should not be said, for its spiritual disasters outweigh any of its advantages.

—SIEGFRIED SASSOON

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CEASE FIRING

SOME months ago there was a brilliant ceremony in one of the stately historic halls of Paris. There, with a setting France knows so well how to stage, General Debeney pinned the Cross of the Legion of Honor upon the breast of Corporal Sellier, who, on that last day of the World War, sounded on his bugle the command, "Cease Firing."

Let us here and now summon all our powers of world friendship; and let us, with all the earnestness and persuasiveness that we can command, to every nation that will hear us, to every rank and order of men, sound out the signal, to be repeated around the world:

For the sake of humanity, and in the name of God, "Cease Firing."

From the *Episcopal Address, General Conference of the Methodist Church, 1928*

INTRODUCTION

THERE is a new attitude in the world toward peace, and happily the poets are beginning to reflect that attitude in their work.

The new peace poetry proclaims several things that represent a revolution in our thinking.

First, and most important, it has taken God out of the battles. God is no longer a tribal god leading each "enemy" force, author of each victory. The teaching to the contrary in many so-called peace poems is the most pernicious of all the false teaching on this subject.

The new peace poetry emphasizes the value of peace-time service for one's country and the world and glorifies the deeds of valor of a vast variety wrought in the routine of daily life.

It reminds woman that, by her intimate association with the child, hers is the responsibility and the opportunity to lay, in the mind of the child, right foundations for peace and true patriotism.

It emphasizes to youth the reasonableness, the sturdiness, and the splendor of a world without war.

All these points are presented forcefully and finely by the poets represented in this volume.

Harriet Monroe, editor of *Poetry; A Magazine of Verse*, in an editorial in that magazine, recognizes the part that poetry plays in creating sentiment for either war or peace and places a definite share of the responsibility for war on those poets who, by glorifying war, contribute to the continuance of its reign.

Miss Monroe writes:

"Poets have made more wars than kings, and war will not cease until they remove its glamour from the imagination of men.

"What is the fundamental, the essential, and psychological cause of war? The feeling in men's hearts that it is beautiful.

"And who have created this feeling? Partly, it is true, kings and their 'armies with banners,' but, far more, poets with their war songs and epics.

"The feeling that war is beautiful still lingers in men's hearts. . . . This feeling must be

destroyed, as it was created, through the imagination. It is work for a poet."

The new peace poetry is yet in the minority; all the more reason then to appreciate it and to send it ever farther and farther afield. That is the purpose of this volume.

All through its preparation the editor has been thrilled by the spirit and the understanding of the new peace ideal in these poems.

It is sent forth confidently and proudly, with gratitude to those whose gift, rightly used, has made it possible, and in the belief that it will be an evangel of peace.

—Anna Whittaker Roussel

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CEASE FIRING

FIFTY POEMS *of the* NEW PEACE

Who Goes There?

Halt! Who goes there?

A woman—

Whence? And where?

Soldier, I cannot tell, I only know
This dark is still the world,
And I must dare.

Who bade you try?

My man-child here, his cry—

I cannot let you by;
Woman, I stand on guard.

And I.

—Josephine Preston Peabody

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We Mothers Know

"Peace," they have said.
Though the sad profit of our pain
We grieve till time is gone,
We shall not learn to build again
The bricks of Babylon—
Our sons are dead.

Stilled are the guns.
Good will, they say, shall heal, shall bless
The lands now, year by year,
But though the merciful possess
The earth they shall not hear
Our little sons.

They were our friends;
Our thought, our breath, our blood we gave
To make them so;
They bought us peace, and in the grave
Is all the peace they know,
To make amends.

Leaders and lords,
Who in your pride decree that thus
Or thus shall scores be paid,
An age is building when with us
Your reckoning shall be made
Who have no swords.

We mothers know;
By the world's hearths we sit and dream;
Again we watch them die;
They willed the peace that you blaspheme,
And, though you still deny,
It shall be so.

—John Drinkwater

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O Mothers With Little Sons

O mothers with little sons
And burning hearts to teach,
You are the chosen ones—
Give hearing, I beseech!
The world is a ghastly place
Since war has slain our men;
But yours is the gift
And yours the grace
To bring love back again.

Mothers with little sons,
As you hold them to your breast,
Teach them to hate the guns,
That love and faith are best.
Show how the tyrant War
Destroys but does not win;
How the goals men battle for
Are lost with the world's great sin.

O mothers with little sons
Who stand with lifted faces,
All of earth's helpless ones
Cry from the lonely places.

And the dead men plead their cause,
And the crippled men implore:
"Go, fashion the Future's laws
That war shall be no more."

For war is a knave's design,
And a coward's brutal scheme,
And men whose courage is divine
Shall foster a nobler dream.
O mothers with little sons,
The years lie in your hands.
You are the chosen ones,
Men wait for your commands.

—Angela Morgan

Abraham Lincoln Walks At Midnight

(In Springfield, Illinois)

It is portentous, and a thing of state,
That here at midnight, in our little town,
A mourning figure walks, and will not rest,
Near the old court-house pacing up and down.

Or by his homestead, or in shadowed yards
He lingers where his children used to play;
Or through the market, on the well-worn stones
He stalks until the dawn-stars burn away.

A bronzed, lank man! His suit of ancient black,
A famous high top-hat and plain worn shawl
Make him the quaint great figure that men love,
The prairie-lawyer, master of us all.

He cannot sleep upon his hillside now.
He is among us:—as in times before!
And we who toss and lie awake for long
Breathe deep, and start, to see him pass the door.

His head is bowed! He thinks on men and kings,
Yea, when the sick world cries, how can he sleep?
Too many peasants fight, they know not why,
Too many homesteads in black terror weep.

The sins of all the war-lords burn his heart.
He sees the dreadnaughts scouring every main.
He carries on his shawl-wrapped shoulders now
The bitterness, the folly and the pain.

He cannot rest until a spirit-dawn
Shall come;—the shining hope of Europe free:
The league of sober folks, the Workers' Earth
Bringing long peace to Cornland, Alp, and Sea.

It breaks his heart that kings must murder still,
That all his hours of travail here for men
Seem yet in vain. And who will bring white peace
That he may sleep upon his hill again?

—Vachel Lindsay

From *The Chinese Nightingale.*
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Youth

We have heard the trumpets calling Youth,
We have seen their proud reply,
Laughing as they leapt to die,
Boyhood in their battle cry;
We have heard the world's tears falling
For slain youth.

Still a sterner strife is calling Youth,
Madness beats upon the gates
Of old selfishness; age prates,
Cavils, queries, hesitates;
Nearer roars the storm, appalling
All but Youth—

Youth that hears diviner voices, Youth
That has faith in brotherhood,
Courage to attempt a good
Only visioned yet, that would
Build a world where life rejoices,
Generous Youth.

—Katherine Lee Bates

The Peaceful Warriors

Let me sing the splendid deeds
  Of those who toil to serve mankind,
The men who break old ways and make
  New paths for those who come behind,
The young who war with customs old
  And face their problems, unafraid,
Who think and plan to lift for man
  The burden that on him is laid—
  The splendid warriors of trade.

I sing of battles with disease
  And victories o'er death and pain,
Of ships that fly the summer sky,
  And glorious deeds of strength and brain,
The call for help that rings through space
  By which a vessel's course is stayed,
Thrills me far more than fields of gore,
  Or heroes decked in golden braid—
  I sing the warriors of trade.

—Edgar A. Guest

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Lindbergh

The crush in the market slackens,
The noisy strife of greed,
The hue and cry for pleasure
Cease, while the heart gives heed
To an older sound and braver
Than soldiers on parade,
Than the ring of golden metal
And the fiery clang of trade.—

The song of youth and courage
And all youth's artless grace;
The song of man assailing
The bonds of time and space;
The song of one for many:
"A life at stake, alone,
Winging through the darkness
To morning and a throne."

Age hears and old dreams waken;
Youth hears and vows anew;
Man's common kinship rallies,
And joy and pride undo
Misunderstanding's mischief,
Prejudice's wrongs—

God send, at need, the voices
To sing for us such songs.

—Donald Gillies
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Tolstoi Is Plowing Yet

Tolstoi is plowing yet. When the smoke-clouds break,
High in the sky shines a field as wide as the world,
There he toils for the Kingdom of Heaven's sake.

Ah, he is taller than clouds of the little earth.
Only the congress of planets is over him,
And the arching path where sweet new stars have birth.

Wearing his peasant dress, his head bent low,
Tolstoi, that angel of Peace, is plowing yet;
Forward across the field his horses go.

—Vachel Lindsay
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Goethals

A man went down to Panama,
  Where many a man has died,
To slit the sliding mountains
  And lift the eternal tide;
A man stood up in Panama,
  And the mountains stood aside.

The Power that wrought the tide and peak
  Wrought mightier the seer:
And the one who made the Isthmus,
  He made the engineer.
And the good God, He made Goethals
  To cleave the hemisphere.

The reek of fevered ages rose
  From poisoned jungle and strand,
Where the crumbling wrecks of failure
  Lay sunk in the torrid sand,
Derelicts of old desperate hopes
  And venal contraband.

Till a mind glowed white through the mist,
  And purged the prison mould,

And the wrecks rose up in labor,
  And the fever's knell was tolled,
And the keen mind cut the world-divide
  Untarnished by world gold.

For a poet wrought in Panama
  With a continent for his theme,
And he wrote with blood and fire,
  To forge a planet's dream,
And the derricks rang his ditharymbs
  And his stanzas roared in steam.

But the poet's mind, it is not his
  Alone, but a million men's;
For visions of lonely dreamers
  Meet there as in a lens,
And lightnings, pent by stormy time,
  Leap through with flame intense.

So from our age three giants loom
  To vouch man's venturous soul;
Amundsen on his ice-peak
  And Peary from his pole,
And midway, where the oceans meet,
  Goethals—beside his goal.

Where old Balboa bent his gaze,
  He leads the liners through,
And the Horn that tossed Magellan
  Bellows a far halloo;
For where the navies never sailed,
  Steamed Goethals and his crew.

So never more the tropic routes
  Need poleward warp and veer,
But on through the Gates of Goethals
  The steady keels shall steer,
Where the tribes of men are led toward peace,
  By the prophet-engineer.

—Percy MacKaye

Beyond the War

O Brothers of the lyre and reed,
  Lend not a note to this wild fray,
Where Christ still cries in agony,
"They know not, Father, thou dost bleed!"
  Cast here no song like flower prest
    To Slaughter's soothing breast.

But be the minstrel breath of Peace;
  For her alone lift up your lyre,
  Mad with the old celestial fire
Or on our earth let music cease,
  While keep we day and night the long
    Dumb funeral of song.

And if among ye one should rise,
  Blind garlander of armored crime,
  Trailing the jungle in a rhyme.
Let him be set 'neath blackened skies
  By mourning doors, and there begin
    The last chant of our sin.

Long gone the warrior's dancing plume
  That played o'er battles early day;

Now must his song be laid away,
Child-relic, that was glory's bloom;
And man who cannot sing his scars,
Is he not done with wars?

Ay, hearts deny the feet of haste,
And, as they muster, oh, they break!
Here loudest fife no more can wake
In them the lust to kill and waste,
And madly perish fool on fool,
That Might, the brute, may rule.

We hope! Love walks Thee yet, O Earth!
Through thy untunable days she glows—
A bowed and yet untrammeled rose,
Wearing the fearless flush of birth—
Yea, in our songless shame doth see
Thyself her harp to be!

Ye ages turning men to mould,
Yours be the past, the future ours!
God hear us! There are infant powers
Stronger than giant sins of old!
To all the hells that are and were
Man rises challenger.

Tho' now at final Autumn seem
  Our world with blood and ashes wound,
  Unfaltering Spring shall choose her ground;
Man shall rebuild with bolder dream,
  The god astir in every limb,
    And earth be green for him;

And Peace shall cast afar her seed,
  Shall set the fields where skulls have lain
  With altar herb for every pain,
With myrtle and with tunèd reed,
  Till stars that watch have sign to sing
    A sister's flowering.

—Olive Tilford Dargan

The Boy in Armor

He Speaks to the Gathered Nations

Tremble, O World! Bow down! Cringe! Be afraid!
You look on ghosts! Not one alone! Ten thousand!
And yet again ten thousand, and again
Ten thousand, and again to the bleak rim
Of this dear earth where there could be such living,
Such labor and such climbing of green hills,
Ten thousand times ten thousand shapes—with eyes!
Eyes that are living, eyes that are fires! Young eyes!
They do not blink; they do not waver; they watch.
Bow down, bow down! Open your hearts! And hear!

We are your sons. You lured us to your homes
With talk of love and mirth and the high music
That the heart makes when it goes out with flutes
Along the highway, celebrating love.

With warmth you lured us, with the hearth-fire
blazing,
With open, clean hands, tables cleanly set,
White beds and books and birds and songs and
friends,
And mountain-tops to win and seas to conquer,
Green things to marvel at, far isles to long for,
With love you lured us and with loveliness!
Remember! Now that we are ghosts, remember!
You said no word of hate and slaughter!
Not one!
Of wars you breathed no blighting syllable!
You trumpeted the call of beauty down
The heavenly valleys and we heard and came.
You blew no harsh reveille of guns and battle.
You trapped our unborn innocence with love.

Tremble, for we have eyes!

We are your sons and we are ghosts. We came
To love, to labor, and to know. We died
Before we loved, *before* we learned to labor,
Before we knew more than the fairy-told tales
You murmured to beguile our puzzled ears.

You cried across the worlds, and called us sons!
We came as sons, but what you made of us
Were bleeding shapes upon an altar, slain
To appease your god Inertia where he sits
Muttering dead words and chewing at old bones.

Because you would not think, we had to die!
We have been loyal. We have fought for you,
And suffered of the cold, and starved for you,
And miserably laid our bodies down
Before your idol, while the incense rose.
Weep not for us, but for your own trapped souls.
We died. And there you stand, no step advanced!
And after all, when you have set more millions
Beside our millions, and beside them yet
More millions of brave fellows who die well,
You still will have to wake some day—and *think*.

Bow down, and hear! You have more sons than these,
And they have fancies and imaginings
And dauntless spirits and hearts made for love,
And clean hands and clean eyes and high desires.

They will go forth and die if you command,
As we have died, since they love liberty
Even as we loved her and would give her cause
The only gift they are aware is theirs.
Wake, dreaming world! Think, O gray world
bewitched!
Out through untraveled spaces where no wind
Has dared to venture let your sails be spread!
Remember, world, This is the age of wings!
Beyond the clouds the stars are, and the stars
Will not forever vainly wait the aëronaut
Who shall uncover laws to lift men up
More potent than the laws that drag men down.

Seek them, old men! Young men, go forth and
find them!
We dead keep watch! You shall not sleep nor
rest.
We died. And now you others who must live
Shall do a harder thing than dying is—
For you shall *think!* And ghosts shall drive
you on!

—Hermann Hagedorn

In Flanders

Could you have seen them marching
  Ten thousand men in line,
You would have said that war must be
  Adventurous and fine.
You would have felt your pulses beat
  Fast to the tread of marching feet.

Could you have seen them marching
  Under the June blue skies
With all the glory of their youth
  Shining in their eyes,
You would have bade them all God speed
  To battle at their country's need.

But had you seen them creeping back
  In the grey, grey dawn,
The broken bleeding bodies
  With all their beauty gone,
Oh! never could you cheer again
  To see ten thousand fighting men.

—James Norman Hall

He Went for a Soldier

He marched away with a blithe young score of
him
With the first volunteers,
Clear-eyed and clean and sound to the core of
him,
Blushing under the cheers.
They were fine new flags that swung a-flying
there,
Oh, the pretty girls he glimpsed a-crying
there,
Pelting him with pinks and roses—
Billy, the Soldier Boy.

Not very clear in the kind young heart of him
What the fuss was about,
But the flowers and the flags seemed part of him—
The music drowned his doubt.
It's a fine, brave sight they were a-coming
there
To the gay, bold tune they kept a-drumming
there,
While the boasting fifes shrilled jauntily—
Billy, the Soldier Boy!

Soon he is one with the blinding smoke of it—
Volley and curse and groan:
Then he has done with the knightly joke of it—
It's rending flesh and bone.
There are pain-crazed animals a-shrieking there;
And a warm blood stench that is a-reeking there;
He fights like a rat in a corner—
Billy, the Soldier Boy!

There he lies now, like a ghoulish score of him,
Left on the field for dead:
The ground all round is smeared with the gore of him—
Even the leaves are red.
The thing that was Billy lies a-dying there,
Writhing and a-twisting and a-crying there;
A sickening sun grins down on him—
Billy, the Soldier Boy!

Still not quite clear in the poor wrung heart of him
What the fuss was about,

See where he lies—or a ghastly part of him—
While life is oozing out:
There are loathsome things he sees a-crawling there;
There are hoarse-voiced crows he hears a-calling there,
Eager for the foul feast spread for them—
Billy, the Soldier Boy!

How much longer, O Lord, shall we bear it all?
How many more red years?
Story it and glory it and share it all,
In seas of blood and tears?
They are braggart attitudes we've worn so long:
They are tinsel platitudes we've sworn so long—
We who have turned the devil's grindstone,
Borne with the hell called War!

—Ruth Comfort Mitchell

Remember Again

Rain in the blackness, stabs of flame in the blackness,
Whines and groans in the blackness.
Remember?
Remember again.

Rockets at dawn. Shells come and gone. Mists in the dawn.
Cheers in the dawn.
Remember?
Remember again.

Stillness at noon. Curses in the stillness of noon.
Writhing bodies at noon. Still bodies at noon.
Remember?
Remember again.

Flashing shovels at twilight. Prayers at twilight.
Dry-eyed men at twilight. Soul-twisted men at twilight.
Remember?
Remember again.

Time will pass. Crises will rise.
Remember?
Remember again.

—Private R. W. Stewart

God's Challengers

Today, I have seen
Mute ghosts of men,
Shaking,
Forever shaking;
Heard grown men's tongues
A children's Babel making;
Felt the cold sweat
On trembling giant hands,
As to my own they clung;
Have looked into eyes,
Glazed as cold pottery,
Eyes dim as lanterns
In a garden strung,
Their lights most flickered out,
Yet, swaying,
Forever swaying.
I have seen smiles
Burn on a hollow cheek
Down to a dry aped grin;
Tears welling from
Great monster dams
Built doggedly within.
I have seen men,
Not blind,

Yet, searching,
Forever searching
For something they cannot find;
Men who have done big things,
Alas, content,
To go the useless way
Their feet are sent.

These are the mothers' sons
Who fought
"To make the world
Safe for Democracy"
These are the men
Who, silent, tread
The stony road
To Calvary.

Go look at them,
I say,
To you, to you, and you!
The truth is known
By, oh, so few!

These are the boys
We sent to War.

God's challengers
Asking,
Forever asking,
What did we do it for?

—Marion Perham Gale

The Valley of the Shadow

God, I am traveling out to death's sea,
I who exulted in sunshine and laughter,
Thought not of dying— death is such waste of me;
Grant me one comfort: Leave not the hereafter
Of mankind to war, as though I had died not—
I who in battle, my comrade's arm linking,
Shouted and sang—life in my pulses hot
Throbbing and dancing! Let not my sinking
In dark be for naught, my death a vain thing!
God, let me know it the end of man's fever!
Make my last breath a bugle call, carrying
Peace o'er the valleys and cold hills forever!

—JOHN GALSWORTHY

A Carol from Flanders

In Flanders on the Christmas morn
The trenched foemen lay,
The German and the Briton born,
And it was Christmas Day.

The red sun rose on fields accurst,
The gray fog fled away;
But neither cared to fire the first,
For it was Christmas Day!

They called from each to each across
The hideous disarray,
For terrible has been their loss;
"Oh, this is Christmas Day!"

Their rifles all they set aside,
One impulse to obey;
'Twas just the men on either side,
Just men—and Christmas Day.

They dug the graves for all their dead
And over them did pray:
And Englishman and German said:
"How strange a Christmas Day!"

Between the trenches then they met,
  Shook hands, and e'en did play
At games on which their hearts were set
  On happy Christmas Day.

Not all the emperors and kings—
  Financiers and they
Who rule us could prevent these things—
  For it was Christmas Day.

O ye who read this truthful rime
  From Flanders, kneel and say:
God speed the time when every day
  Shall be as Christmas Day.

—Frederick Niven

Five Souls

FIRST SOUL

I was a peasant of the Polish plain;
I left my plough because the message ran:
Russia, in danger, needed every man
To save her from the Teuton; and was slain.
I gave my life for freedom—This I know;
For those who bade me fight had told me so.

SECOND SOUL

I was a Tyrolese, a mountaineer;
I gladly left my mountain home to fight
Against the brutal treacherous Moscovite;
And died in Poland on a Cossack spear.
I gave my life for freedom—This I know;
For those who bade me fight had told me so.

THIRD SOUL

I worked at Lyons, at my weavers' loom
When suddenly the Prussian despot hurled
His felon blow at France and at the world;
Then went I forth to Belgium and my doom.
I gave my life for freedom—This I know;
For those who bade me fight had told me so.

FOURTH SOUL

I owned a vineyard by the wooded Main,
Until the Fatherland, begirt by foes
Lusting her downfall, called me, and I rose,
Swift to the call, and died in fair Lorraine.
I gave my life for freedom—This I know;
For those who bade me fight had told me so.

FIFTH SOUL

worked in a great shipyard by the Clyde.
There came a sudden word of wars declared,
Of Belgium peaceful, helpless, unprepared,
Asking our aid: I joined the ranks, and died.
I gave my life for freedom—This I know;
For those who bade me fight had told me so.

—W. N. Ewer

Let Us Have Peace

The earth is weary of our foolish wars.
Her hills and shores were shaped for lovely things,
Yet all our years are spent in bickerings
Beneath the astonished stars.

April by April laden with beauty comes,
Autumn by autumn turns our toil to gain,
But hand at sword-hilt, still we start and strain
To catch the beat of drums.

Knowledge to knowledge adding, skill to skill,
We strive for others' good as for our own—
And then, like cavemen snarling with a bone,
We turn and rend and kill. . . .

With life so fair, and all too short a lease
Upon our special star! Nay, love and trust,
Not blood and thunder shall redeem our dust.
Let us have peace!

—Nancy Byrd Turner

Peace Shall Live

The guns are still, the dead sleep on,
The blind and crippled walk the streets,
Bereaved hearts bright colors don,
Again the pulse of factories beats;
Nightmares and grimy days have fled,
Forgotten are the dead.

Around the world from every land
The prayers and pleadings never cease—
For swords and men? Nay, heart and hand
To build the dream—eternal peace.
Disdainfully we speak reproof;
Proudly we stand aloof.

Was it indifference that sent
Our sons the tides of war to stem?
Through flaming fields and blood they went.
Shall we not keep our faith with them
Whose bodies lie on foreign leas
Or toss in many seas?

The keen, cold sword the flesh will feel,
If once again the world shall quake
And men back to the jungle steal.

O countrymen, the hour to stake
Our all is here, lest grim alarms
Again shriek out, "To arms!"

A question burns within man's breast:
In bloody wars shall man expire—
Or by the arts of peace be blessed
That lift his soul forever higher?
My countrymen, stand forth and give
Your answer, "Peace shall live."

—Max Ehrmann

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To One Who Denies the Possibility of a Permanent Peace

Old friend, I greet you! You are still the same:
You poisoned Socrates, you crucified
Christ, you have persecuted, mocked, denied,
Rejected God and cursed Him. In God's name
You monotonously threw to the flame
All those (whom now you honor) when the new
Truth stung their lips—for fear it might be true;
Then reaped where they had sown, and felt no shame.
Familiar voice, old adversary—hail!
Yesterday's fools are now your gods. Behold!
The generations pass and we can wait.
You slandered even Florence Nightingale.
Now a new splendour quivers in the cold
Gray shadows overhead; *still* you are late.

—Margaret Sackville

Restoration

They look upon us through the mystic door,
Those who have passed, those who shall come to
birth,
Waiting for us, the living, to restore
Beauty and fruitfulness to ravaged earth.
Where there were trees there must be trees again,
Sweet servants of the soil's imperious needs,
Because the Spring must not return in vain
Nor Autumn's bounty waste itself in weeds.
Where there was hope there must again be hope,
Undaunted beauty shining through the scars,
Because however men may fall and grope
They must not lose the everlasting stars.
It were the work of angels to revive
The orchard's fragrant ecstasy of flowers,
To bid the murdered forest wake alive—
The work of angels—and God makes it ours.
A still diviner labor to reflower
The spirit's orchards after hate's red blight,
And He, the Lord of Life, who understands
All things, has laid it in our faltering hands.
O Will of God, upon our hearts be power!
O Love of God, within our hearts be light.

—Amelia Josephine Burr

When There Is Peace

"*When there is Peace, this land no more*
Will be the land we knew of yore."
Thus do the facile seers foretell
The truth that none can buy or sell
And e'en the wisest must ignore.

When we have bled at every pore,
Shall we still strive for gear and store?
Will it be Heaven, will it be Hell,
When there is Peace?

This let us pray for—this implore—
That all base dreams thrust out at door,
We may in nobler aims excel,
And, like men waking from a spell,
Grow stronger, worthier than before,
When there is Peace!

—Austin Dobson

The New Loyalty

Let us no more be true to boasted race and clan,
But to our highest dream, the brotherhood of man.
Shall Babel walls of greed and selfishness divide?
Shall not the love of friends illume the patriot's pride?
For moated arsenals let shrines of art atone;
Where armies met in blood, let garden plots be sown.
Let royal hunting grounds be parceled out anew,
That little children's feet may know the grass and dew.
No more shall Mammon play with pawns of toiling men,
No more shall blood be spilled that Greed may count its gain.
Let patience be our power and sympathy our court,
With love our only law and faith our only fort.
New thoughts, new hopes, new dreams, new starry world to scan,
As Time proclaims the dawn, the brotherhood of man.

—Thomas Curtis Clark

To the Flag

Here's to the flag of the far Northern wonder-
land,
High crystaled snow fields with flowers below;
Here's to the flag of our fair Southern heritage
Gleaming with gold where the citrus trees grow;
Here's to the flag of the Easternmost boundaries,
Soil that the hardy young patriot trod;
Here's to the flag of the great Western mountain
lands,
Where climb the aspens to whisper with God;
Red, white and blue in the stripes and the stars
of it,
Heading the host of Democracy's powers:
Lead all the world by the spirit of brotherhood
Into the way of Peace, dear Flag of ours!

—Bertha Stephenson

The World Is One

The world is one; we cannot live apart,
To earth's remotest races we are kin;
God made the generations of one blood;
Man's separation is a sign of sin.

What though we solve the secret of the stars,
Or from the vibrant ether pluck a song,
Can this for all man's tyranny atone
While Mercy weeps and waits and suffers long?

Put up the sword, its day of anguish past;
Disarm the forts, and then, the war-flags furled,
Forever keep the air without frontiers,
The great, free, friendly highway of the world.

So that at last to rapture men may come,
And hear again the music of the spheres,
And stand erect illumined, radiant, free,
The travail and the triumph of the years.

—Hinton White

The Word of the Wind

Wind that carries the sound of bells
Far out over the sea,
Why do you bring the word of tears
With the word of victory?

Alas for the little grey houses
And slender poplar trees!
And women who seek what is not found
By any victories!

Wind that speaks to the wings of birds
And knows how they find their way,
Where did you find your sorrow
Who should be glad today?

In the eyes of little children,
And in the eyes of men
Who have looked upon such things
As must not come again.

Wind that travels the four great roads
And searches the hearts of men,
Now that the war is over
Shall we not be glad again?

But still there is sound of weeping,
And women with frightened eyes
Are asking many a question
Where there are no replies;

And the broken slaves come creeping
With terrible tales to tell,
So pity must walk with gladness,
Still close to the brinks of Hell.

Wind that has spoken to all the flags
And carried the souls of the dead,
Take our pledge to the Freemen;
They shall be comforted.

Over the flags and the tumult,
This is the one glad voice,
When Freemen speak to Freemen
Then may the world rejoice!

Then shall the weary captives
Lift up their heads and cheer,
The women's tears shall be wiped away
And children unlearn fear.

This is the cry of Nations
As broken chains release,
One red word for Freedom,
And one white word for Peace!

—Louise Driscoll

At Carcassonne

Down the valleys of Languedoc,
Where the ghosts of knights and troubadours flock,
Hiding by day and riding by night,
When the road in the moonlight is silvery white—
So we journeyed on and on
Up to the Cité of Carcassonne.
Three score towers against the sky
Like mailed fists clenched and lifted high;
Tall battlements; a grim chateau;
And round and round the gray walls go.
A drawbridge here, a postern there,
Loopholes for archers everywhere,
And moat and scarpe and barbicans
All built in the days of high romance.
Gaul and Roman, Goth and Moor
Fought and wrought on this hill, and sure,
If ever war was glorified
By chivalry and song beside,
It must have been when Charles the Great,
Simon de Montfort and Louis the Saint
Stormed this town or held its towers,
And tournaments filled the quieter hours;

Or when Bernart Alanhan of old Narbonne,
As a troubadour guest of Carcassonne,
Sang of the brave knights' feats of war
And the beautiful ladies they did them for.
Troubadours, ladies and knights are gone.
No flags fly over Carcassonne
Save the banners of sunset aflame in the sky
As the one-armed watchman passes by.
Here in the scenes of old romance,
He lifts a voice for peace in France.
He told me his story yesterday,
And now he halts on his round to say:
"How noble this business of fighting appears
Through the mist and haze of a thousand years,
Still they call it right against wrong,
And deck it with banners and bugles and song;
But this I pray God and Our Lady for—
In my children's time may there be no war."

—Winfred Ernest Garrison

The Unconquered Hope

During the World War a ship arrived from America laden with toys, the gift of the American people for the children both of the Allies and the Central Powers.

From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
The clouds of death and doom
Veil the sun's soft and kindly beam;—
Yet can ye see one light agleam
Where a stately ship comes threading
Its pathway through the gloom?

Say ye 'tis but a ship of steel?
Are ye so dead, so blind!
Can ye not see the rainbow spray
That dances on the good ship's way,
Nor hear the strange, deep whispers
That wander on the wind?

What are the gifts the proud ship brings
To the weary world and old?
Trifles to fill a childish hand?
Why, hardly the angels understand
The richness of the treasure
That lies within its hold!

Oh, breaking thro' the mist of dreams
That wreathe the distant bar,

The vessel comes with a strange light dressed
And tho' it sails from out the west,
Upon its flag there glistens
A golden Eastern star!

For when the world is blackest,
And man is blind with blood
And buried deep in his guilt and pride,
This is the ship that takes the tide
And sends the lamps of healing
Across the soul's dark flood.

It comes once more as it oft has come,
With its fairy wings outspread—
Can ye not see them, eyes that grope,
Nor read its name, *The Unconquered Hope*,
Nor yet discern the halo
Around its Figurehead?

What are the gifts the proud ship brings?
Oh childish smiles and tears
Oh childish faith that breaks thro' all
The sin that holds the world in thrall!
A rift is in the darkness—
A ship, a ship appears.

—Gilbert Thomas

War

All down the reeking trail of years the mailèd
armies go,
With mock of flags and bitter dreams and dead
hearts in a row,
Behind them in a dream of blood the broken
nations lie
And o'er them wheels their gruesome god, a
buzzard in the sky.

For some have marched with heathen curse and
some with Christian prayer,
But all have paid the vulture god that beats the
darkened air;
And women know and children know that hear
the trumpets breath,
There is no god goes with them but the wheeling
god of death.

A thousand vineyards rot and die, a thousand
hearts lie cold
And still earth sends her armies down for some
new shame of gold,

And still the little mothers sit with faces white
and wan,
And watch the buzzards wheeling in the crimson
smoke of dawn!

Down all the reeking trails of years I see the
armies go,
With mock of flags and waste of dreams and
dead hearts in a row,
And high above the blighted road their iron feet
have trod
I see the awful clouding wing that blots the face
of God.

—Dana Burnet

The Flag of Peace

Men long have fought for their flying flags,
They have died those flags to save;
Their long staves rest on the shattered breasts,
They are planted deep in the grave.
Now the world's new flag is streaming wide,
Far-flying wide and high.
It shall cover the earth from side to side
As the rainbow rings the sky.

The flag of the day when men shall stand
For service, not for fight;
When every race, in every land,
Shall join for the world's delight;
When all our flags shall blend in one,
And all our wars shall cease,
'Neath the new flag, the true flag,
The rainbow flag of peace.

On a field of white that bow above
Shall arch the world across,
And all the colors that we love
Glow there without a loss.

Orange and green in union new,
  Proud gold and violet fair,
With world-beloved red, white and blue
  Shall shine together there.

Green from the earth that holds us one,
  All blue of sky and sea,
And the golden hue of that great sun
  In whose light our life must be.
Red for the blood of brotherhood,
  White for the soul's release,—
The new flag! The true flag!
  The rainbow flag of peace!

—Charlotte Perkins Gilman

Where Is the Real Non-Resistant?

Matthew 5:38-48

Who can surrender to Christ, dividing his best
with the stranger,
Giving to each what he asks, braving the utter-
most danger,
All for the enemy, Man? Who can surrender
till death
His words and his works, his house and his lands,
His eyes and his heart and his breath?

Who can surrender to Christ? Many have
yearned toward it daily,
Yet they surrender to passion, wildly or grimly
or gaily:
Yet they surrender to pride, counting her
precious and queenly;
Yet they surrender to knowledge, preening
Their feathers serenely.

Who can surrender to Christ? Where is the
man so transcendent,
So heated with love of his kind, so filled with
the spirit resplendent

That all of the hours of his day his song is
thrilling and tender
And all of his thoughts to our white cause of
peace
Surrender, surrender, surrender?

—VACHEL LINDSAY
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A Song of Peace

(At the end of the World War)

Now, above the thunder of the drums,
Hark to a mighty sound
A cry out of the ground:
Let there be no more battles: field and flood
Are weary of battle blood.
Even the patient stones
Are weary of shrieking shells and dying groans.
Lay the sad swords asleep;
They have their fearful memories to keep,
And fold the flags: they weary of battle days,
Weary of wild flights up the windy ways.
Quiet the restless flags,
Grown strangely old upon the smoking crags;

Look where they startle and leap—
Look where they hollow and heap—
Now greatening into glory and now thinned,
Living and dying momently on the wind,
And bugles that have cried on sea and land
The silver blazon of their high command—
Bugles that held long parley with the sky—
Bugles that shattered the nights on battle walls—
Lay them to rest in dim memorial halls;
They are weary of that curdling cry
That tells men how to die.
And cannons worn out with their work of hell—
The brief, abrupt persuasion of the shell—
Let the shrewd spider lock them one by one,
With filmy cables glancing in the sun;
And let the bluebird in their iron throats
Build his safe nest and spill his rippling notes.
Let there be no more battles, men of earth!
The new age rises singing into birth!

—Edwin Markham

The Ideal City

O you whom God hath called and set apart
To build a city after his own heart,
Be this your task—to fill the city's veins
With the red blood of friendship; plant her plains
With seeds of peace: above her portals wreathe
Greeting and welcome: let the air we breathe
Be musical with accents of good will
That leap from lip to lip with joyous thrill;
So may the stranger find upon the streets
A kindly look in every face he meets;
So may the spirit of the city tell
All her souls within her gates that all is well;
In all her homes let gentleness be found,
In every neighborhood let grace abound,
In every store and shop and forge and mill
Where men of toil their daily tasks fulfill,
Where guiding brain and workmen's skill are wise
To shape the product of our industries,
Where treasured stores the hands of toil sustain,
Let friendship speed the work and share the gain,
And thus, through all the city's teeming life,
Let helpfulness have room with generous strife
To serve.

—Washington Gladden

To My Countrymen

(A Voice for Peace)

Heirs of great yesterdays, be proud with me
  Of your most envied treasure of the Past;
  Not wide domain; not doubtful wealth amassed;
Not ganglia cities—rival worlds to be:—
But great souls, servitors of Liberty,
  Who kept the state to star-set Honor fast,
  Not for ourselves alone but that, at last,
No nation should to Baal bow the knee.

Are we content to be inheritors?
  Can you not hear the pleading of the sod
  That canopies our heroes? Hasten, then!
Help the sad earth unlearn the vogue of war.
  Be just and earn the eternal praise of men;
  Be generous and win the smile of God.

—Robert Underwood Johnson

By permission from *The Pact of Honor, and Other Poems*, published by the author, 26 East 55 Street, New York City

The Dawn of Peace

Yes—"on our brows we feel the breath
  Of dawn," though in the night we wait!
An arrow is in the heart of Death,
  A God is at the doors of Fate!
The spirit that moved upon the Deep
  Is moving through the minds of men:
The nations feel it in their sleep,
  A change has touched their dreams again.

Voices, confused and faint, arise,
  Troubling their hearts from East and West.
A doubtful light is in their skies,
  A gleam that will not let them rest:
The dawn, the dawn is on the wing,
  The stir of change on every side,
Unsignalled as the approach of Spring,
  Invincible as the hawthorn-tide.

Say that we dream! Our dreams have woven
  Truths that outface the burning sun;
The lightnings, that we dreamed, have cloven
  Time, space, and linked all lands in one!

Dreams! But their swift celestial fingers
  Have knit the world with threads of steel,
Till no remotest island lingers
  Beyond the world's one Commonweal.

Tell us that custom, sloth, and fear
  Are strong, then name them "common-sense"!
Tell us that greed rules everywhere,
  Then dub the lie "experience"!
Year after year, age after age,
  Has handed down, thro' fool and child,
For earth's divinest heritage
  The dreams whereon old wisdom smiled.

Dreams are they? But ye cannot stay them,
  Or thrust the dawn back for one hour!
Truth, Love, and Justice, if ye slay them,
  Return with more than earthly power;
Strive, if ye will, to seal the fountains
  That send the Spring thro' leaf and spray;
Drive back the sun from the Eastern mountains,
  Then—bid this mightier movement stay.

CEASE FIRING

It is the Dawn of Peace! The Nations
From East to West have heard a cry,—
"Though all earth's blood-red generations
By hate and slaughter climbed thus high,
Here—on this height—still to aspire,
One only path remains untrod,
One path of love and peace climbs higher!
Make straight that highway for our God."

—Alfred Noyes

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1914—And After

Would you end war?
Create great peace . . .
The Peace that demands all of a man,
His love, his life, his veriest self;
Plunge him in the smelting fires of a work that becomes his child,
Coerce him to be himself at all hazards: with the toil and the mating that belong to him:
Compel him to serve . . .
Give him a hard Peace: a Peace of discipline and justice . . .
Kindle him with vision, invite him to joy and adventure:
Set him at work, not to create *things*
But to create *men:*
Yea, himself.

Go search your heart, America . . .
Turn from the machine to man,
Build, while there is yet time . . .
For if you reject great Peace,
As surely as vile living brings disease,
So surely shall your selfishness bring war.

—James Oppenheim

From *War and Laughter*

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A Hymn for the Pact of Peace

Lift up your heads, ye peoples,
The miracle has come,
No longer are ye helpless,
No longer are ye dumb.

Those whom ye craved to lead you,
Your path of yearning dare,
The few rejoice with feasting,
The millions praise with prayer.

Lift up your hearts, ye peoples,
Cheer every doubting soul,
That found the road a barrier,
Betwixt you and your goal.

Go say to him that feareth
That peace is but a wraith,
"Not rulers but the people
Shall seal the peoples' faith."

Lift up your hands, ye peoples,
And take the sacred vow,
"To war's age-honored moloch,
No longer will we bow."

Your leaders who have followed,
  Arise and follow them,
Oh, hear ye not the angels
  Singing of Bethlehem!

—Robert Underwood Johnson

From *The Pact of Honor, and Other Poems*, published by the author, 26 East 55th St., New York City

The Raleigh Tavern

In the lost woods of Virginia, I found, at break
of day,
An old Colonial tavern, by a grass-grown way,
With white porch-pillars where the wild wisteria
grew,
Rosy with the dawn-flush, and misty with the
dew.

Now I'd been rambling in the woods to find the
heart of things,
For all my mind was broken with the wicked
ways of kings,
When a low wind shifted all that deep dim bloom,
And showed the golden name above the old
Apollo Room.

I had found the Raleigh tavern, and the ghostly
door was wide,
And I saw two shadows talking, by the dark
fireside.
One was in a laced coat, and one in buff and blue;
*And both of them were dead men, with faces that
I knew.*

Yes; there was Patrick Henry, in an oak arm-chair,
With his long church-warden, and his fiery mop of hair;
And he looked up, grimly: "Mr. Jefferson," he said,
"If Peace has come on earth at last, the Devil must be dead.

"I'm Scots and Welsh; but, if *he's* dead, and left no heads to break,
I'm thinkin' that auld Nick will have a royal Irish Wake.
For the Irish will be feelin' like the lad from Venus-land
With the olive-buds all sproutin' on the black-thorn in his hand.

"There's just one hope! If half the world agrees that war shall cease,
Ye'll have to call the Irish up to keep the rest at peace!
But England?"

"Ah," says Jefferson, "they won't say 'nay,'
If a Saxon chief named Washington should lead
us on the way.

"There was many a golden Irish lad that fol-
lowed our Saint George
With his tattered, starving armies thro' the
snows of Valley Forge——"
"There's an auld cracked Bell," says Patrick,
"and it talks in Shakespeare's tongue;
But the bones of the dead men remember and
grow young.

"As I saw him, in the darkness, looming up
against the skies,
A great ghost, riding, with the battle in his eyes,
I have seen the New World rising, with the
splendor of her stars
And a Captain rides before her that shall make
an end of wars.

"From his tomb by the Potomac, on his proud
white steed,
Well I know who comes to lead us, as of auld
he used to lead;

And the lost drums answer, and the judgment trumpets roll,
It's the Father of his Country, and it's England's living soul."

Then softly—very softly—while the shadows died away,
In the ancient Raleigh Tavern, at the dawning of the day,
"By God's good grace," quoth Jefferson, "if both our hearts be true,
We, who split the world asunder, may unite the world anew."

—Alfred Noyes

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A Prayer for the Spiritual Union of Mankind

War has failed to end War: Diplomacy has failed to end War: Only ties of the Spirit infallibly unite. Therefore we pray for the Divine Alliance of Nations.

Eternal God, Father of All Souls:
Grant unto us such clear vision of
the sin of War,
that we may earnestly seek that coöperation
between nations
which alone can make war impossible.

As man by his inventions has made the whole
world
into one neighborhood,
Grant that he may, by his coöperations make
the whole world
into one brotherhood.

Help us to break down all race prejudice,
stay the greed of those who profit by War
and the ambitions of those who seek an

Imperialistic Conquest
drenched in blood.
Guide all statesmen to seek a just basis
for International action in the interests of peace.
Arouse in the whole body of the people
an adventurous willingness,
As they sacrificed greatly for War,
so, also, for International Good-will,
To dare bravely, think wisely, decide resolutely,
and to achieve triumphantly. Amen.

—Harry Emerson Fosdick

A Prayer for All Peoples

God of all nations,
We pray for all the peoples of Thy earth,
For those who are consumed in mutual hatred and bitterness,
For those who make bloody war upon their neighbors,
For those who tyrannously oppress,
For those who groan under cruelty and subjection.
We pray Thee for all those who bear rule and responsibility;
For child-races and dying races,
For outcast tribes, the backward and the downtrodden,
For the ignorant, wretched, the enslaved.
We beseech Thee, teach mankind to live together in peace,
No man exploiting the weak, no man hating the strong,
Each race working out its own destiny,
Unfettered, self-respecting, fearless.
Teach us to be worthy of freedom,

Free from social wrong, free from individual
oppression and contempt,
Pure of heart and hand, despising none, defraud-
ing none,
Giving to all men in all the dealings of life,
The honour we owe to those who are thy
children,
Whatever their colour, their race or their caste.

—ANONYMOUS

From *A Book of Prayers for Use in an Indian College*

Our Share

And we ourselves? Are our hands clean?
Are our souls free from blame
For this world-tragedy?
Nay, then! Like all the rest,
We had relaxed our hold on higher things,
And satisfied ourselves with smaller.
Ease, pleasure, greed of gold—
Laxed morals even in these—
We suffered them, as unaware
Of their soul-cankerings.
We had slipped back along the sloping way,
No longer holding First Things First,
But throning gods emasculate—
Idols of our own fashioning,
Heads of sham gold and feet of crumbling clay.
If we would build anew and build to stay,
We must find God again
And go His way.

—John Oxenham

Peace Enthroned

January 15 is the anniversary of the ratification by the United States Senate of the Pact of Paris

O dawn of hope! Blest day long since foretold!
The Pact of Paris means a seed is sown
From which the Golden Age will soon unfold.
Rejoice! for "peace on earth, good will to men"
Is more than words or pleasing platitude;
It points direct to New Jerusalem.
Ah loving Father! What more precious gift
Can mortals ask than true security,
The curse of war-time suffering annulled,
Their homes inviolate, their offspring safe,
With joy and freedom gained from stable peace?
Mankind at last can rive its age-old bonds
To claim its heritage of liberty.
The day "when former things are passed away,"
And God Himself "shall wipe away all tears,"
Now breaks upon the near horizon's bound.
The darkling clouds of fear are vanishing,
As brighter gleams the hope that peace at length
Shall reign in final majesty supreme!
The plea of truth and reason wins the day.

The world has spurned its former fealty,
To yield obedience to God's command,
"Let there be light"—for, lo! the light has come.
Enthroned within the heart of humanhood,
Praise! glory! joy! the God of Peace is King.

—Arthur Smith Hollis
Christian Science Monitor

If War Is Right

If war is right, then God is might
And every prayer is vain:
Go raze your temples from the hills—
Red death is in the plain.

If war is right, then God is might
And every prayer is vain:
Look not for Christ upon the hills—
He lies among the slain.

—Alice Corbin

The Christ of the Andes

Chile and Argentina, after quarreling for generations over their boundary line, submitted the question to arbitration and settled it in good feeling. As an emblem of their peace and as a pledge of its permanence, the two republics united in the erection of an heroic statue of Christ on the highest Andean peak of the border line.

Over dead craters hushed with snows,
Up where the wide-winged condor goes,
Great Aconcagua, hushed and high
Sends down the ancient peace of the sky.

So, poised in clean Andean air,
Where bleak with cliffs the grim peaks stare,
Christ, reaching out his sacred hands,
Sheds his brave peace upon the lands.

There once of old wild battles roared
And brother-blood was on the sword;
Now all the fields are rich with grain
And only roses redden the plain.

Torn were the peoples with feuds and hates—
Fear on the mountain-walls, death at the gates;
Then through the clamor of arms was heard
A whisper of the Master's word.

"Fling down your swords; be friends again;
Ye are not wolf-packs; ye are men.
Let brother counsel be the law;
Not serpent-fang, not tiger-claw."

And then the war-torn nations heard,
And great hopes in their spirit stirred;
The red swords from their clenched fists fell,
And heaven shone out where once was hell.

They hurled their cannon into flame,
And out of the forge the strong Christ came,
'Twas thus they moulded in happy fire
The tall Christ of their heart's desire . . .

O Christ of Olivet, you hushed the wars
Under the far Andean stars:
Lift now your strong nail-wounded hands
Over all peoples, over all lands:
Stretch out those comrade hands to be
A shelter over land and sea!

—Edwin Markham

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Above the Battle's Front

St. Francis, Buddha, Tolstoi and St. John—
Friends, if you four, as pilgrims, hand in hand,
Returned, the hate of earth once more to dare,
And walked upon the water and the land,

If you, with words celestial, stopped these kings
For sober conclave, ere their battle great,
Would they for one deep instant then discern
Their crime, their heart-rot and their fiends estate?

If you should float above the battle's front,
Pillars of cloud, of fire that does not slay,
Bearing a fifth within your regal train—
The Son of David in his strange array—

If, in his majesty, He towered toward Heaven,
Would they have hearts to see or understand?
—Nay, for He hovers there tonight, we know,
Thorn-crowned, above the water and the land.

—Vachel Lindsay

"Not to Destroy but to Fulfil"

While the proud garment of our common days
Is spotted by this acid burn of wrong,
Though we would don it with averted gaze
We may not walk unmindful of it long.
No thread of virtue that we deftly draw
Across seared edges serves to hide the scar:
Defiled by murder in the name of law,
The glass of truth reveals us as we are.

O Perfect Pattern, by the fair design
That marked the beauty of Thy robe, we too,
Would fashion ours with grace of fold and line
Conforming to Thy stainless one! Endue
Our eyes with vision to discern Thy will
Who came "Not to destroy but to fulfil."

—Molly Anderson Haley

O Young and Fearless Prophet

O young and fearless Prophet of ancient Galilee,
Thy life is still a summons to serve humanity;
To make our thoughts and actions less prone to
please the crowd,
To stand with humble courage for Truth with
hearts uncowed.

We marvel at the purpose that held Thee to
Thy course,
While ever on the hilltop before Thee loomed
the cross:
Thy steadfast face set forward where love and
duty shone,
While we betray so quickly and leave Thee there
alone.

O help us stand unswerving against war's bloody
way,
Where hate and lust and falsehood hold back
Christ's holy sway;
Forbid that love of country should blind us to
his call,
Who lifts above the nation the brotherhood of
all.

Create in us the splendor that dawns when
hearts are kind,
That knows not race or color as boundaries of
the mind;
That learns to value beauty in heart, or brain
or soul,
And longs to bind God's children into one perfect
whole.

O young and fearless Prophet, we need thy
presence here,
Amid our pride and glory to see thy face appear;
Once more to hear thy challenge above our
noisy day,
Again to lead us forward along God's holy way.

—S. Ralph Harlow

On Syrian Hills

It is said the Bedouins cry on the Syrian hills a clear
Loud summons to war, and the tribes far distant hearken and hear,
So wondrous rare is the air, so crystal the atmosphere.
Their call is to arms; but One, in the centuries long ago,
Spake there for Peace, in tones that were marvelous sweet and low,
And the ages they hear Him yet, and His voice do the nations know.

—Richard Burton

The King's Highway

Heralds of Christ who bear the King's commands,
Immortal tidings in your mortal hands,
Pass on and carry swift the news ye bring,
Make straight, make straight, the Highway of the King.

Through desert ways, dark fen and deep morass,
Through jungles, sluggish seas and mountain pass,
Build ye the Road, and falter not nor stay,
Prepare across the earth the King's Highway.

Where once the twisting trail in darkness wound,
Let marching feet and joyous song resound,
Where burn the funeral pyres and censers swing,
Make straight, make straight, the Highway of the King.

Lord, give us faith and strength the road to build,
To see the promise of the day fulfilled,
When war shall be no more and strife shall cease,
Upon the Highway of the Prince of Peace.

—Laura Scherer Copenhaver

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